PEACE CORPS

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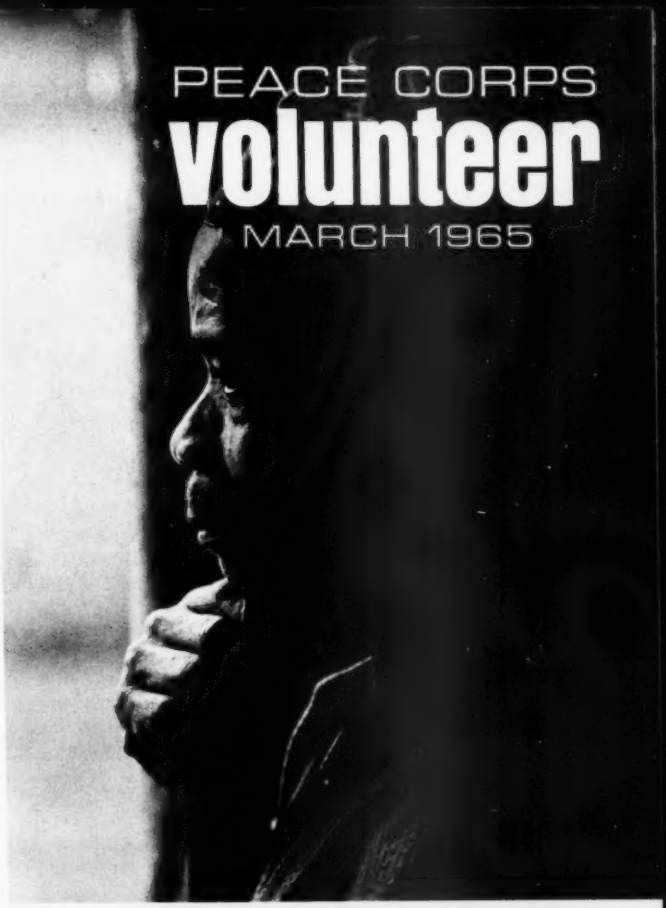
MARCH 1965



SIERRA LEONE *(page 8)*

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

A Reporter Considers the Conference

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The State Department last weekend [March 5-7] gave over its conference rooms, its auditorium, and its formal reception halls to what must have been the most informal as well as the liveliest gathering ever to have taken place in that ungainly pile of concrete in the heart of Foggy Bottom.

This was a conference called by the Peace Corps to celebrate four years of survival. As all proper conferences must, this one had a theme—"The Returned Peace Corps Volunteer: Citizen in a Time of Change." All the 3300 "returned Volunteers" (the term "veteran" is both pre-empted and unwanted) had been invited, and 872, or better than 25 per cent, showed up, along with approximately 200 non-Volunteers who had been asked because it was thought they might contribute something to the deliberations, or at any rate learn something from them.

The Volunteers who had completed their two-year terms overseas were, with very few exceptions, well under 30. Nearly all of them were well-scrubbed, well-spoken sons and daughters of the middle class, and there were few who did not sport at least one academic degree. Articulateness of a high order was the general—indeed, the almost universal—rule. So was enthusiasm for the kind of work they had lately been doing abroad. Such an attitude, perhaps, was only to be expected at this particular assembly; it is the boosters, not the knockers, who show up at class reunions, and this was as much a reunion as a conference. However, in preparation for this event the Peace Corps had sent out an elaborate questionnaire to all those honorably discharged from its service, and in the 2300 questionnaires returned there was, according to staff members, no significant evidence of disenchantment.

Almost without exception, the Volunteers had a sense of accomplishment as well as of adventure, and it was this that underlay a good deal of the personal restlessness and dissatisfaction with the society they had re-entered. In a few cases, the discontent took the form of a familiar kind of self-pity—a vexation with the stay-at-homes who failed to appreciate not only the sacrifices made by the Volunteers but the utilitarian value of the disciplines they displayed or acquired in the course of their service.

But self-pity was a distinctly minor theme. In the main, the impressive thing was that, whether or not their work had had much value to others, the experience had been immensely valuable and in many ways transforming. The tabulation of the questionnaires showed that 34 per cent of the Volunteers had entered the Peace Corps with no idea, or with quite unclear ideas, of what they wanted to do when they got out. Among the returned Volunteers, only 12 per cent are afflicted with any uncertainty. Of the 66 per cent who joined with fixed goals, more than half abandoned them for new ones in the course of duty. And in most of these cases the changes were in the direction of work resembling their Peace Corps assignments. Upon their return, three times as many wished to go into social work as had wished to do so upon joining the Corps. Twice as many wished to enter government. Four times as many wished to have "international careers."

Many Doubted Its Survival

The Peace Corps is the only effort that this government — perhaps any government — has ever made to discover and institutionalize what William James called "a moral equivalent of war." It was bound to attract uneasy and dissenting spirits—and it was for this reason, among others, that many people doubted that it could survive very long as part of the federal bureaucracy. But it has justified itself before two Congresses now, and it seems certain to be approved by a third.

Some of the outsiders who attended last weekend's discussions were eager to find out whether the agency was of any use either in increasing the effectiveness of American foreign policy or in contributing to the well-being of the countries in which its units served. No one could provide very much in the way of answers. But most of the observers went away persuaded that the Peace Corp's impact on American life may in time be an immense one. For the gathering that the State Department sheltered here was a gathering of sharp, independent, and confident critics of American society. Though most would undoubtedly have been critics under any circumstances, their Peace Corps experience had provided them with new angles of vision and with some training in the mobilization of their own inner resources for the purpose of bringing social change to pass. The suggestion was made that they organize to promote in this country the values that had brought them into the Peace Corps in the first place. The suggestion was rejected on the ground that there is too much organization in this country as it is. One had the feeling, though, that they were already organized. Except for those who had returned to their studies, there was scarcely one who was not engaged in some kind of social or political missionary work. And even the graduate students were bound together by a deep dissatisfaction with the learning procedures to which they were being subjected.

There are only 3300 of these exhilarated and highly intelligent young people at large in this country at the present time, but by 1970 there are expected to be about 50,000 of them. If large numbers of them infiltrate federal, state, and local governments and the educational system, the impact of the Peace Corps will be great —great enough, perhaps to threaten its existence.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

At Peace Corps headquarters, former Volunteers register for the conference.

To Teach, Back to 'Go'

American schools are wasting talent by not making it more possible for returning Peace Corps Volunteer teachers to continue teaching back home, U.S. Commissioner of Education Francis Keppel charged last month.

Keppel, in a speech to the Education Writers Association in Atlantic City, said that U.S. educators were not doing enough to enable Volunteers who had taught abroad for two years to take up teaching in the States without starting from "Go," as he put it.

Citing a letter from Sargent Shriver, Keppel quoted the Director of the Peace Corps: "While many Peace Corps returnees are now teaching here at home, others have reported to me that they were unable to meet certification requirements set by the various states. As you know, this is not a new problem, but one which is having a marked effect upon the abilities of the Peace Corps Volunteer to contribute to elementary and secondary education in the United States."

Presenting several examples of former Volunteers who "have been rebuffed in their efforts to teach at home," Keppel said that rigid certification requirements "resemble nothing so much as a rather mad version of a children's cardboard game, played with infinitely intricate rules. If you land one the penalty square, you are sent back to 'Go.' There is no rescue, no appeal.

"It is no longer defensible to turn away potential teachers at home who are not only highly motivated to teach the deprived but who have successfully taught them in Africa, Asia, and Latin America . . . If we are too rigid to make room for them, to accommodate them instead of confronting them with rigid regulations, we have only ourselves to blame."

Calling on school districts to recognize and fairly evaluate Peace Corps teaching experience as credit toward practice teaching and educational-course requirements, Keppel illustrated his argument by commenting on teaching-internship programs being developed in several cities. He noted that Cleveland, New York, Baltimore, Portland, and Seattle are now developing programs involving former Volunteer teachers. [For information on the Cleveland program, see page 22.]

[A prototype of such internship programs has been the Cardozo-Peace Corps Pilot Project in Urban Education, conducted at a large Washington, D. C., high school; to date it has involved 25 former Volunteers, 6 of whom have already been accepted into Washington schools as regular teachers; none had taught before joining the Peace Corps.]

"Our schools must not only have the chance to use these Volunteers against poverty," Keppel said. "They must deliberately and actively seek them out. They are not asking for special pay, special privilege, or special status. They are only asking for an opportunity to serve."

Meanwhile, Back Home

On the eve of the conference of returned Peace Corps Volunteers (see Richard H. Rovere's story on page 2), participants were invited to a buffet dinner at the State Department, with Vice President Hubert Humphrey, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, and other government officials in attendance. (A comprehensive account of the conference will be carried in the April **Volunteer.**)

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Joseph Rupley

Joseph Robert Rupley, a 24-year-old Associate Peace Corps Director in Venezuela, was shot to death Feb. 19 by Caracas police who apparently mistook a Peace Corps vehicle for one driven by Communist terrorists.

Rupley was driving a Jeep with three Volunteers as passengers. They were returning from the Caracas airport when the incident occurred in a suburb of the Venezuelan capital.

Volunteer David Glover, of Grosse Ile, Mich., was also shot but was reported in satisfactory condition after undergoing surgery. The other Volunteers—Ronald E. Bean of Waban, Mass., and Donald A. Carluccio of Hoboken, N.J.—were able to identify themselves and were unharmed.

According to reports from Peace Corps staff members and the U.S. Embassy in Caracas, Rupley and three Volunteers drove by the Technical Judicial Police Station in the San Bernardino district of Caracas about 11 p.m. They passed through a noisy crowd gathered in front of the unmarked police station, apparently assuming it was a student demonstration staged in connection with the current Communist-led taxi strikes. The crowd had assembled there, the reports said, after a vehicle driven by terrorists had fired on the police station about 10 p.m.

As they drove by the station, the Peace Corps men heard shouts, but did not recognize them as orders to stop. Police in mufti persued the Jeep and when it failed to halt they shot out the vehicle's rear tires.

Rupley and Glover were shot when they emerged from the Jeep.

Venezuelan authorities, including President Raul Leoni, expressed shock at the incident and initiated a full investigation. Suspect policemen at the precinct station were arrested and tests were administered to determine who had fired the fatal shots.

Peace Corps Director Sargent Shriver said, "This tragic incident is not only a blow to Bob's family but also to all of us in the Peace Corps. Bob was an imaginative, hardworking, excellent staff member."

Rupley is the first Peace Corps staff member to die in service. He was a Volunteer in Peru from September, 1962, until May of last year, when he was asked by the Peace Corps to become an Associate Director in Venezuela.

Joseph Rupley

Donald Humphrey

In Peru, Rupley was an auditor and field representative responsible to the National Federation of Credit Cooperatives. He went to Venezuela last September to work with 49 Volunteers assigned to rural and urban cooperatives.

Born in Spokane, Wash., Rupley lived most of his life in Orinda, Calif., a suburban community east of Berkeley. He attended Acalanes High School in Lafayette, Calif., and went to the University of California at Riverside for two years, where he was sports editor and assistant editor of the campus newspaper. He studied German at the Goethe-Institut in Munich, West Germany, for four months in 1960, then finished his undergraduate education at the University of California in Berkeley, earning a B.A. in economics.

His father, Joseph W. Rupley, treasurer of Safeway Stores, Inc., and mother live in Orinda. He is also survived by a brother, William, of Canyon, California.

Bigger Budget for Fiscal '66

The President has asked Congress to provide $125.2 million to run the Peace Corps in the fiscal year starting July 1. The amount is an increase of $21.1 million over the current appropriation.

In a letter to Vice President Hubert Humphrey and House Speaker John W. McCormack, President Johnson urged Congress to authorize the increased amount to meet "urgent yet prudent requests from host countries for Volunteers." The Peace Corps, the President said, "can no longer be viewed as just a feather in our nation's cap. It is an essential part of our democratic program in meeting our world responsibilities and opportunities. It has become a major instrument for economic and social development."

The increase would enable the Peace Corps to expand to 17,000 Volunteers by August, 1966, the President said.

Donald Humphrey

Donald Wayne Humphrey, 25, of Moses Lake, Wash., who was a Peace Corps Volunteer in Chile, died Feb. 18 in a Washington, D.C., hospital following surgery to remove a brain tumor.

Humphrey went to Chile last September and was helping to develop cooperatives among the small farmers in Murtha, a town in Aysén province in southern Chile. He returned to the U.S. in January for medical examination.

Humphrey received a B.A. degree in art from the University of Washington in June, 1964, and attended summer school sessions at Yale and Arizona universities.

He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carl E. Humphrey of Moses Lake, and a brother, David A. Humphrey of Seattle.

Changes Proposed in the Act

The Peace Corps has proposed several changes in the Peace Corps Act that, if approved by Congress, would:

- Enable the Peace Corps to provide medical care to children of Volunteers born during the Volunteer's service (more than 30 children have been born to married Volunteers in the past four years; the Act now permits the Peace Corps to offer medical care only to Volunteers, Volunteer Leaders, and dependents of Volunteer Leaders).

- Extend career counseling, through the Career Information Service, to Volunteers for three years after termination of their service (present limit is one year of post-service counseling).

- Allow the Peace Corps to increase the number of Volunteer secretaries overseas from 100 to 200.

- Permit Volunteers to use U.S. disbursing officers' facilities at embassies and consulates in order to cash checks and other instruments and to conduct exchange transactions involving U.S. and foreign currencies (the Act now does not recognize Volunteers as Government employees for that purpose; the amendment has been proposed in hopes of aiding the reduction of gold outflow from the U.S.).

The proposed amendments to the Peace Corps Act have been tentatively scheduled for Congressional hearings at the end of March.

Rural Animation in Senegal

An observer of Africa describes a new approach to village development

By David Hapgood

In Sedhiou, a remote region in Senegal, a group of young farmers convinced the people of six villages to build small first-aid posts for which the government agreed to supply drugs. The drugs never appeared, but the project was not abandoned by the young farmers. They convinced the villagers to plant an extra collective field, and with the proceeds from its crop they bought the drugs to supply the first-aid posts.

One part of this story, the failure of the drugs to arrive, is all too familiar in Africa. Africa is littered with empty half-finished buildings, bleaching skeletons of projects which ran into difficulties and were abandoned to return to the bush. But other aspects of the Sedhiou story are strikingly original. The action of the young men in convincing the villagers to build the posts, in order to introduce the innovation of Western medicine, is rare in this traditional society. Even more rare is the decision of the communities to continue the project, with their own resources, after the government failed to keep its end of the bargain.

The young farmers who set the project in motion and kept it going were men like their neighbors in Sedhiou: illiterate, they belonged to traditional African society, not to the elite; they were not government employees; they expected to live and die in the community in which they were born. All that was different about these young men was that they had undergone a brief experience known as "rural animation."

Rural animation aims at breathing life into Senegal's new institutions by changing rural attitudes, by improving the social environment in which both men and institutions work. The technique of animation was worked out by a small international (largely French) organization called L'Institut de Recherche et Application des Méthodes de Développement (IRAM).

IRAM believes that peasants in traditional societies will not change their methods until they change their wider attitudes toward life and society. In a report on Morocco, which applies equally to Senegal, IRAM investigators wrote: "We are faced with a population whose traditional psychological attitudes, instead of opening them to new forms of behavior determined by technology, keeps them closed in on themselves. . . . Only a profound transformation, creating a totally new climate, can change [their] behavior . . ."

IRAM's technique of rural animation is receiving its most extensive test in Senegal. About 6000 Sengalese (including 900 women) from 1500 villages have gone through the animation training. On the basis of the Sengalese experience, Niger and Madagascar have also adopted the animation method. Soon it will be tried outside Africa: India and Costa Rica have each decided to test animation on a pilot basis.

Largely because of the support of Mamadou Dia, then Prime Minister, Senegal adopted rural animation in 1959. After a period of experimentation, the program got underway on a fairly large scale in 1961. Although the idea is foreign, and a few IRAM advisors are still present in Dakar, the real work of animation is carried out entirely by Sengalese, under the leadership of Ben Mady Cissé, the austere and thoughtful Directeur d'Animation.

The process of animation begins with the choice of a group of villages, similar in race, language and resources, and in which there is the possibility of quick though modest economic progress. The local director of animation must know the workings of politics and village society in the area, which is not always easy in a nation whose varied peoples live in 12,000 villages, many of them almost totally unknown to the outside world. Once the director, who is usually an ex-school teacher, has a grasp of the area, he sets out on a tour to explain animation. From this point on, animation is essentially a dialogue, very much in the African tradition of palaver.

Young Men Are Chosen by Village

In village after village, the director tells the assembled population that he would like them to choose several young men to learn things that will be good for the community. The young men should be between 25 and 40 years old; if they are younger, they will not command respect in a society where age determines status, and if they are over 40 their minds are likely to be forever closed to new ideas. They must also be members of that tightly-knit village society, not outsiders who happen to live in the village but not within its culture. This means that they will be men who live by working the land and they will be, almost invariably, illiterate; for if they had gone to school they would have fled the village.

The young men must also be chosen by the village itself, in the absence of any representatives of the administration, for it is essential they be trusted by their fellow-villagers. So, the director explains, he will come back—in the dry season, when there is little work to be done—and pick up the men chosen in his absence by the people of the village.

The director takes the group of young men—two or three each from half a dozen villages—to the *Centre d'Animation*. The center is a dormitory-style building,

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David Hapgood has done evaluation projects for the Peace Corps; he is a freelance writer specializing in Africa and rural development in developing countries. A former newspaperman, he is the author of two books: Africa, *a school text published by Ginn & Company, and* Africa: From Independence to Tomorrow, *a volume on rural development, which will be published soon by Atheneum. He observed conditions in Africa from 1961 to 1963 on a grant from the Institute of Current World Affairs. His article is reprinted in abridgement from the* International Development Review.

deliberately rudimentary so the peasants will not feel too out of place. The director has no desk, by Cissé's orders. The sanitary facilities are, to a Westerner, primitive; but they are easy to build, so that the farmers may be motivated to introduce some simple sanitation in villages that have none at all. The group stays at the center about three weeks. The director lives with them, and, except for daytime visits by technicians, he is the only government man present. A deliberate effort is made to keep animation separate from the other administrative agencies that rural people view with both fear and suspicion.

The program of studies begins with elementary explanations of the nature of the nation and its government, its past and present, its relation to the village—ideas that are foreign to the young farmers. This is followed by a study of the economic situation of their own area and what can be done to improve it. In a typical day, a government official may lecture and answer questions, and in the evening, after he has left, the farmers discuss what he said with the director of animation.

Near the end of their stay, the young men are taken to a nearby village—not one of their own—and asked to spend the day making an inventory of its resources: wells, crops, animals. That evening, in the center, the director asks them: "What would you do if you lived in that village?"

On the last evening, the night before they go home, the young farmers recapitulate their experience. This is the most fascinating moment of the process. The farmers tell their story in the natural art form of their culture. In a play, in song, in dance, or in a combination of the three, the young men tell what they have learned, sometimes with a striking caricature of the director. For the director, the theatrical representation of his teaching is an opportunity to see how much the young men have learned. It is also an occasion for him to see the workings of the society in which they live.

The Peasant Must Not Be Alienated

During these three weeks, the methods used are far more important than what is taught, for animation is an attempt to penetrate the closed circle of village society. The basic lesson is that man has it in his power to alter his environment. Teaching is adapted to the slow pace of village life; the evening discussion, the most important part of the daily routine, comes at the time that the villagers would be palavering under the tree in the center of the village. Lectures must be understandable in the terms of reference of the farmers. Since the aim of animation is to give the village a voice in its affairs, discussion must be substituted for dictation. And, since only what the village will accept is of value, the director often is forced to compromise with conservative traditions of which he may disapprove.

Then the young men return to their villages. On the day they come home, the village will turn out for a celebration at which they will again tell what they learned at the center —this time without outsiders present. In the next few weeks or months, the "animators" will be encouraged by the director to develop, in co-operation with government technicians, a project for their village. Once the project is decided on, the animators will be brought back to the center for two or three days of training for the project: harnessing cattle to the plow, simple irrigation works, well construction, organizing co-operatives.

These two brief stays at the center are the only times the animators will be taken away from their village. They never receive a salary or an opportunity at formal education, and they are discouraged from seeking government jobs. For the essence of animation is that the peasant must not be alienated from his traditional society and his society must not consider him an outsider. If he stays away too long, or is paid by the government, or has formal schooling, he is likely to want to flee the village, and even if he stays the village will consider him one of "them," an agent of the government. The animator ideally represents the village to the government, not the government to the village. Obviously he cannot absorb much knowledge in his time at the center; but since the technical level of the village is extremely low, there is a great deal to do which accepts the idea of change. And that decision, to accept change, must be made by the village, according to the rules of its society, not by an outside agency. Change obviously is not going to be welcomed for its own sake, which is why animation is restricted to areas where quickly visible progress is possible.

Foreign Methods Have Failed

Animation differs radically from community development and from standard extension methods that have been exported to Africa. Unlike most forms of community development, animation emphasizes economic over social goals and does not work through outsiders sent into the village. In contrast to Western extension services, animation approaches the community rather than the individual farmer.

Foreign extension methods have generally failed in Africa. People alien to the village culture attempted to dictate change, or to convert single farmers in a society that prized the community over the individual. Little effort was made to find out what the farmers wanted, or to make use of their accumulated knowledge of their land. When the extension services, whether European or African, spoke to the villager at all, they dictated; the educated African official had little stomach for discussion with "primitive" members of a culture he had escaped.

Animation's originality lies in its insistence on finding the leadership for innovation within traditional village society. It works through the local power structure, not against it, for it is the village's decision-makers who pick the animators and then decide what projects, if any, they will undertake. Ideally, the "agents of change" are natural village leaders, whose innovations are approved by the community. This assures that whatever innovations are adopted by the village are those that suit its social structure—a much easier job than trying to remake the society to fit the innovation.

Animation has the advantage that it is cheap (it costs Senegal about $400,000 a year in local currency) and that it aims at mobilization of the form of capital that many African countries have in abundance: underemployed men and animals. It does not require extensive foreign aid, equipment or technicians. By seeking initiative within the villages, animation is designed to avoid the obstacles of undermanned extension services and poor communications. Since it is spread out rather than concentrated, there is little danger that it will create islands of privilege.

It has its pitfalls. Sometimes the animator drops back into the hopeless anonymity of peasant society and is lost. Sometimes, also, he may become simply another local exploiter. Suspicious villages have been known to send young men of slave descent on the assumption that the govern-

ment was practicing forced labor under another name; because of their low status, these men had no influence in the community when they returned. A blunder at the beginning by the director can close a whole village to animation. And like any developmental effort, animation is limited by the scarcity of innovations that have been proved to be viable.

Animation has made its greatest efforts in the field of organizing human investment and co-operatives. In Senegal, human investment—the contribution of free labor to projects of public interest—is viewed as a contract freely arrived at between the people and the state. The building of the first-aid posts in Sedhiou was a form of human investment. In this contract, the people provide labor (free capital) and the state provides technical assistance and, when necessary, machinery. The Sengalese see voluntary human investment as the logical way to mobilize their available labor, for it draws on the African tradition of community effort (collective cleaning of villages, for example, is still common).

Sengalese human investment programs to build roads and small irrigation works have been attempted, with varying success. The failures seem to have been due at times to foot-dragging and incompetence on the part of the state, and to overly-ambitious efforts; villagers will not not work for nothing for more than a limited time. Even where the projects have not been successful, however, they have shown that the cost of construction can be greatly reduced by human investment. One notable success, the building of a road from a fishing village to a highway, was due to the fishermen's clear realization that there was a market for their fish if only they could get it to the highway.

Can Animation Be Called a Success?

In the co-operatives, the role of animation is to make real what is largely a legal fiction. In the past few years, the Sengalese government has created co-operatives by the hundred. But since they were imposed from the top, without any understanding on the part of the members of their meaning or any change in the society around them, most co-operatives have had little effect. It is easy to organize farmers under government pressure into co-operatives, far harder to get them to make use of them—particularly when the traditional forces of the marabout (the Moslem religious leader) and the trader, and often the administrator, are lined up in defense of the present system. The result, all too often, is that the marabout emerges as president of the co-operative, and the trader as the man who weighs the members' peanuts. The marabout now registers the peanuts produced by his faithful as his; the trader continues to short-weigh their produce, perhaps on the same false scales. As before, the farmers accept an exploitation of which they are seldom even aware.

Here and there animation has made a dent in this system. In one case, animators mobilized a village to vote the marabout out as president of the co-operative. In another village, the animators, having gained some understanding of how the scales work, were able to observe that the trader-weigher was cheating them on their peanuts; he was fired by the co-operative. In others the animators have been able successfully to use the credit offered by the co-operative, because they had some grasp of the responsibilities that taking credit imposed on them.

Can rural animation in Senegal be called a success? In this sort of long-term effort, it is far too early to pass judgment. Because its effect is spread out and often invisible—successes as well as failures—it is practically impossible to draw up a balance-sheet. And, since the idea appeals to the sentiments, it is all to easy to gush about animation whether or not it is really working. In practice, animation consists of a hundred obscure struggles in distant villages; even in Dakar few people know the outcome of more than a minority of these crucial battles. Yet, it is in these struggles that the fate of animation and perhaps even the future of Senegal, may be decided.

Main Problem: The Educated Elite

Animation has shown that rural Sengalese, living in the confines of traditional culture, will respond to the idea of innovation, if the approach is made through their system of values, rather than in opposition to it. The response may be brief and easily dampened, yet this discovery is of great importance in Africa, for it contradicts many common clichés inherited from the colonial period. The farmers, it seems, are not the main problem.

The main problem, animation leaders say, is the educated elite that rules the nation. "We are lacking the necessary financial capital [for development]," Cissé has said, "but we are also lacking the minimum revolutionary capital among our elites, who are already so remote from the conditions of life of our rural masses." The theme is echoed in the speeches of President Leopold Senghor, who frequently attacks as the main barrier to progress that elite which, in Western jargon, is called "modernizing." In their frequent self-criticisms, Sengalese commonly speak of the need for *animation ministerielle*—for change in the bureaucracy itself. The problem is not peculiar to Senegal: Senghor's speeches sound like those of many another African president, and criticism of the unproductive elite is familiar in the Third World.

Many, perhaps most, of animation's failures are attributed to the elite's lack of "revolutionary capital." Some local directors are said to be indolent or incompetent, more concerned with status than performance. If the director does his job badly, there is little hope for animation in his district. Or, if the villagers respond, the technical services let them down: the state fails to keep its end of the bargain, as in the case of the first-aid posts in Sedhiou. Local administrators may oppose honest co-operatives because they have a stake in exploitation of the farmers; others simply find life easier if the villagers are docile rather than demanding. Individuals can hardly be blamed. No matter how high their ideals, public employees struggle in a general air of apathy and discouragement before the painful requirements of social change.

At one time, Cissé's supporters believed that animated villagers, newly aware of their rights, would put enough pressure on the state to force the elite to perform its duties. It has not happened yet; animation has not created a revolution from below. The 6000 animators may be a potentially revolutionary leaven among the rural masses, but they have had no visible effect on the elite.

The technique of animation is highly promising, but it cannot skirt these political barriers. In Senegal, as in so many parts of the Third World, development waits on fundamental decisions among the ruling elites.

SIERRA

Shoppers walk along Westmoreland Street in commercial district of capital city of Freetown. Busy harbor and famed City Hotel are nearby.

By Donovan McClure

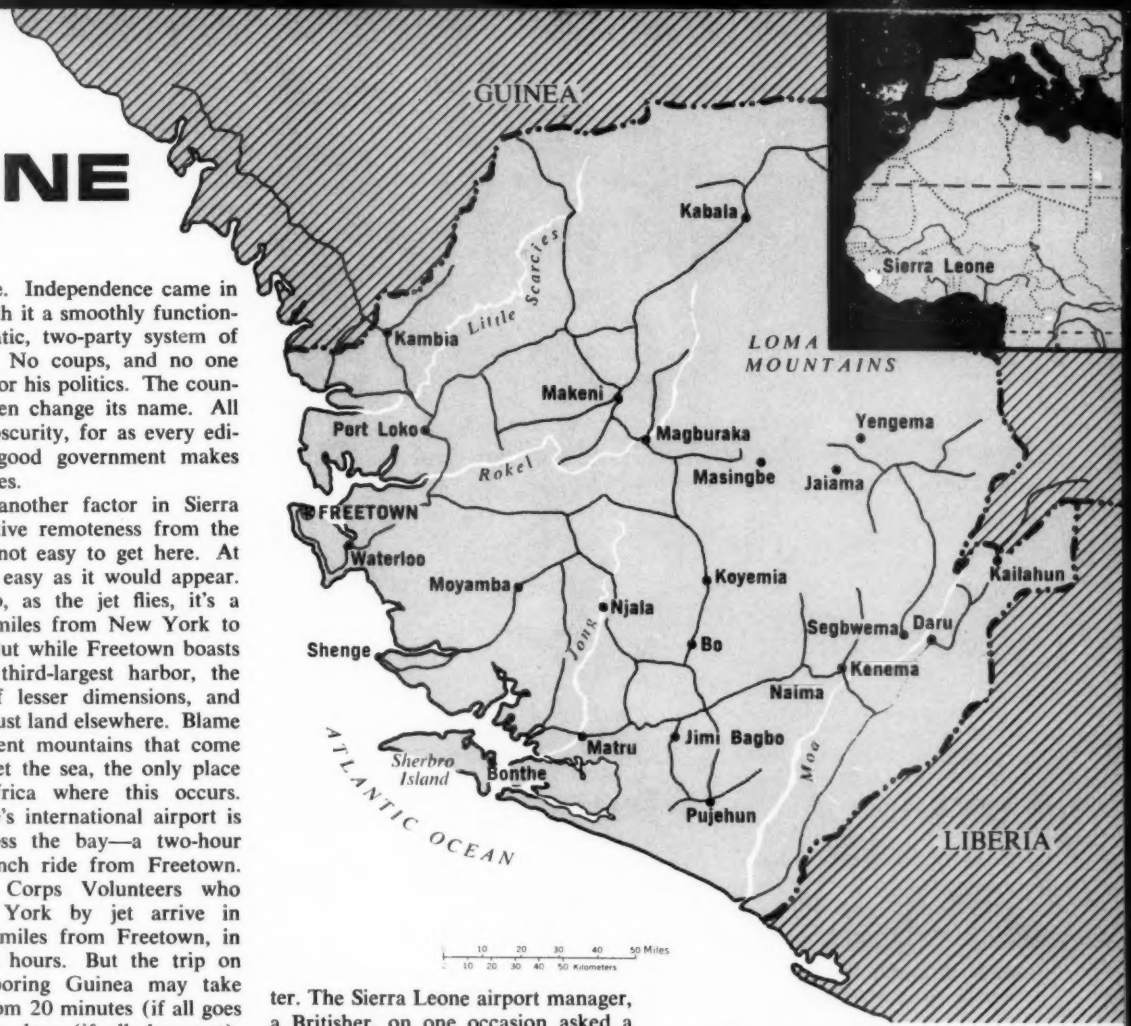
If you pick up a map of Africa, your left thumb will likely rest on, and cover up, Sierra Leone. It's that small, humid, very wet or very dry, thumb-shaped country on Africa's west coast. Sierra Leone was the hundredth member of the United Nations, and one of the first dozen countries to receive Peace Corps Volunteers.

The world has never really focused on Sierra Leone—that is, *Newsweek* and *Time* hardly ever write about it, and the Associated Press man in Nigeria who "covers" West Africa has been here only twice since 1963. *The New York Times* had a man here last summer, but he was selling advertising.

As a former newspaperman, I can understand the indifference of the news media. The noise and bombast

Bill Atkins, a bricklayer from Rockland, Mass., sits out a cloudburst with villagers he is helping build a school.

LEONE



are elsewhere. Independence came in 1961 and with it a smoothly functioning, democratic, two-party system of government. No coups, and no one went to jail for his politics. The country didn't even change its name. All this spells obscurity, for as every editor knows, good government makes poor headlines.

There is another factor in Sierra Leone's relative remoteness from the world: it is not easy to get here. At least, not as easy as it would appear. On the map, as the jet flies, it's a scant 5000 miles from New York to Freetown. But while Freetown boasts the world's third-largest harbor, the airport is of lesser dimensions, and the big jet must land elsewhere. Blame the magnificent mountains that come down to meet the sea, the only place in West Africa where this occurs. Sierra Leone's international airport is located across the bay—a two-hour bus and launch ride from Freetown. The Peace Corps Volunteers who leave New York by jet arrive in Guinea, 80 miles from Freetown, in eight to ten hours. But the trip on from neighboring Guinea may take anywhere from 20 minutes (if all goes well) to two days (if all does not). Air Guinea, with its Russian and Eastern-bloc pilots, provides the character. The Sierra Leone airport manager, a Britisher, on one occasion asked a Czech pilot how he felt about delivering American Peace Corpsmen: "It's a job," was the response.

No one planned it that way, but in three years, eight different colleges and universities—never the same one twice — have trained Sierra Leone-bound Volunteers. Columbia University took first crack at it, in the fall of 1961, preparing 37 Volunteers for assignments as secondary-school teachers. Then came State University College of Education, New Paltz, N.Y. (teachers), Howard (nurses), Maine (rural development), Cornell (teachers), Yale (law), U.C.L.A. (rural development), and Indiana (teachers).

Not only has the training been diversified, but so have the programs.

Teaching, as elsewhere in Africa, has high priority, and while we've functioned so far only in the secondary schools and training colleges, next fall two dozen or so Volunteers will teach in the primary schools.

A medical team of two Volunteer doctors and eight nurses transformed a small up-country hospital into a medical facility that attracted patients from all over Sierra Leone. Unfortunately, doctors could not be recruited for a new team and the program was terminated last July.

The first Peace Corps-CARE rural development Volunteers arrived here in October, 1962, and that program has come almost full circle—commencing as "pure" community development, evolving into self-help construction (bridges, market roads, jetties) and now, by degrees, returning to "semi-pure" community development at the village level. The first stage — "pure" community development—was frustrating to both the Volunteers and Sierra Leoneans. The Latin America-style community development simply didn't work here. The villages were too small, the population too scattered, and the social structure too limited.

In a village of 60 people, a Volunteer trying to build a bridge or school with voluntary labor soon wears out

About the Country

Sierra Leone lies along the west coast of Africa for 210 miles, extending inland for about 180 miles, between Guinea and Liberia. Its name, which means "Lion Mountain," was given the country in 1640 by a Portuguese navigator impressed by the rumble of thunder along the mountain crests. A settlement was established in the Freetown region in 1787 as a haven for freed slaves; this became a British Crown Colony in 1808. A Protectorate, surrounding Freetown and the Crown Colony, was proclaimed in 1896 over the hinterland beyond the Colony; the entire region became an independent state within the British Commonwealth in 1961. Sierra Leone is about the size of South Carolina, with a population of 2.2 million. Freetown, a city of 125,000, is the capital.

Mario DiSanto (Brooklyn), at center in white shirt, works with Don Harris (Mobile, Ala.), at right, and villagers laying drain pipe under local village road.

his welcome, and the self-help dries up before the project is completed. After much experimenting, the Volunteers themselves arrived at a successful formula: each Volunteer undertook projects in several villages simultaneously, spending a morning here, an afternoon there, the next day somewhere else, his visits timed to when his presence was required for either technical assistance or organizational help. Since this sort of schedule requires high mobility, the Sierra Leone government donated seven Land-Rovers to the Volunteers and provides fuel and maintenance for the vehicles. By the time the original rural-development group completed their tours last spring, this system had been highly structured and functioned smoothly. Too smoothly, in fact, for their Group V replacements felt a lack of challenge. Also, their very mobility deprived them of close, meaningful relationships in the villages. To offset this, a few Volunteers began probing into smaller, more personal projects in addition to the "high impact" ones. They are teaching villagers to make toys and furniture, promoting improved methods of agriculture and delving into public health problems. Two Volunteers, Mario DiSanto (Brooklyn) and Louis Rapoport (Beverly Hills, Calif.) have been assigned

The "Music Man" of Sierra Leone, Volunteer Jim Polite of New Orleans, has written a music syllabus for secondary schools and several songs. Here he instructs a section of the Catholic Training College Band in Bo, where he is bandmaster.

to single chiefdoms and are engaged fulltime in "semi-pure" community development.

What They Like More

The impact made by rural-development Volunteers can be seen, and touched. Teachers sometimes fail to see results. If they could read the correspondence that comes across my desk from headmasters and ministry officials, they would not be troubled. Headmasters like the fact Peace Corps teachers are friendly and work hard and teach classes when they're supposed to; that they organize the libraries, coach the athletic teams, direct the choirs, tutor the dull students, monitor the evening study halls, and spend their weekends and vacations painting, planting, plastering, and cementing. But what they like most of all, more than the go-go spirit and cheerful faces, even more than the projectors and tape recorders and wall maps and science kits that are the trappings of each Volunteer teacher, what they like *more* than that is the number, the ever increasing number, of students *taught* by Peace Corps Volunteers who pass the third- and fifth-form exams. This is where the payoff is, to students and headmasters alike. This is the battle they gear for, and the Volunteers have done, and are doing, a good job preparing them for it.

Frustrations vary. Rain that won't stop and vehicles that won't start give the rural-development guys their greatest headaches. When roads are impassable or the ferry is out or the Jeep is laid up, work stops and the rural development Volunteer sits and chafes and wonders why he didn't stay in Pittsburgh.

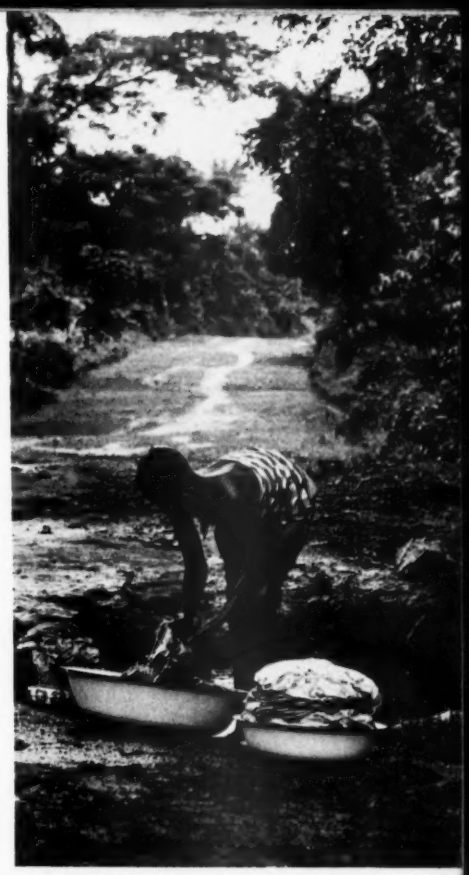
The teachers have their own problems. The history major who had two years of French in high school finds himself the school French master. ("Ah cain't teach French," moaned one pretty Volunteer from South Carolina, but she did, though her students speak with an accent that would not impress a Parisian.)

Volunteers improvise, and sometimes whole new programs develop. Al McIvor (Roselle, N.J.) a Volunteer in Group I, organized a band at Catholic Training College in Bo, the first in the school's history. The school liked the band so much that when Al's tour ended, they requested a "professional bandmaster" to take his place. And a pro they got. Jim Polite (New Orleans) a 47-year-old musician who had organized high school, college, and Army bands in the States, not only gave the big beat to that college but is working with bands and fledgling musicians at schools throughout the Bo area. To hundreds, he's "The Music Man." Jim has written a music syllabus for the secondary schools and several songs, including "Big Fat Joe" and "African Boogie." Now headmasters are flooding my office with requests for bandmasters "like Jim Polite."

Other efforts that began either as special projects or as extracurricular activities for Volunteers have had similar payoffs. In addition to 114 secondary-school teachers and 27 rural-development Volunteers, we have a museum curator—Janet Stone (Lambertville, N.J.); three professional librarians assigned to the Sierra Leone National Library—Ethel Hill (Seattle), Joan Loslo (Rantoul, Ill.), and Lon Dickerson (Plymouth, Mich.); and a TV specialist who writes, produces, directs, and runs camera for Sierra Leone National Television—John Gray (Grosse Pointe, Mich.). These specialists were requested after Group I and II Volunteer teachers with an interest in these areas made such positive part-time contributions that the ministries wanted full-time Peace Corps Volunteers to replace them.

Many Stay On

Although it has been more than three years since the first Peace Corps Volunteers arrived in Sierra Leone, there is still in the country at least one member from every Peace Corps group. Billie Day (Littleton, Colo.) who was in the original group of 37 secondary-school teachers, is now a member of the staff in Freetown as Administrative Assistant. Patricia Preciado (Riverdale, N.J.) came in September, 1962, with Group II teachers, then stayed on for a third year to work in a hospital. Jeff Mareck (Novato, Calif.), a Group III rural-development Volunteer, saw his colleagues off last July, but Jeff—a mechanical whiz who keeps Peace Corps vehicles running in addition to his rural-development chores—has stayed on to give a sagging Jeep fleet several thousand extra miles. Groups IV (51 secondary school teachers), V (27 rural-development Volunteers, and VI (69 secondary-school teachers) are in the midst of tours.



Laundry is done in a stream near Daru.

Donovan McClure has been Peace Corps Director in Sierra Leone since August, 1963. Before going overseas he served as Deputy Chief of the Division of Public Information, and was also detailed for several months as director of public information for the President's Study Group for a National Service Corps. He is a native of Parkersburg, W.Va., and has been a reporter for the Charleston *(W.Va.)* Daily Mail, *the* Akron *(Ohio)* Beacon Journal, *and the* San Francisco Chronicle, *where he was also assistant city editor. He has worked as news editor of WSAZ-TV in Huntington, W.Va., and as associate editor of* Tracks Magazine *in Cleveland, Ohio. He holds a B.S. in journalism, granted in 1950 by West Virginia University. During the Korean War he was a public-information officer for the U.S. Air Force. McClure and his wife, Maggie, have two children —Karen, 6, and Casey, 4.*

A distinctive barrel-vault roof marks new buildings of Fourah Bay College, which dates back to 1827 and is a part of a proud academic tradition in Freetown.

'As the Months Fly By'

By H. David Grunwald

The first days here are usually days of praise, love, and happiness. Sierra Leone is still a new element, an unknown quantity. These days are spent cloistered at Fourah Bay College on top of Mount Aureol, 800 feet above the harbor. You go out on the balcony of a dormitory room, dragging along a chair, and spend hours gazing down upon the beauty spread out below. At the end of the afternoon rains, details and colors become sharper—and sometimes one even sees the end of a rainbow.

Gradually the afternoon fades away, street lights come on, and still you sit there listening to the sounds of ships riding at anchor off Carr's Point, following the plume of grey smoke billowing out of a tank engine, watching double-decker buses in the dim light make their slow, circuitous tour of eastern Freetown. In the evening the rain comes again soaking everything that dares to be without cover.

At the end of the first week you go down the mountain to a permanent station, whether it be Kambia or Kabala, Yengema or Jaiama, Bonthe or Bo, Albert Academy or Annie Walsh. After weary hours riding in Jeeps over rain-soaked laterite roads, including detours around washed out bridges, you move into new quarters: a vast, two-story green structure with nine large rooms and outside plumbing, in Moyamba; a spacious, blue concrete-block version of a ranch house, in Bo; a painted house on concrete stilts with spacious bedrooms and a cramped living room, in Brookfields, Freetown.

In downtown Freetown you discover the City Hotel behind its iron gates and soon drink a pint on the veranda of the venerable literary landmark made famous by Graham Green's best novel, *The Heart of the Matter*. Across Oxford Street is the Christian Missionary Service Bookshop—maybe not Paul Elder's or Brentano's, but a bookshop just the same. At the Kingsway store is a newsstand where you can get *The Times* of London, and the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*, flown out within a day or two of publication. And on the second floor, tucked away in a corner with windows overlooking the harbor, is a coffee shop straight out of an American department store—everyday it is sprayed with a fresh scent.

It quickly becomes obvious that the harbor dominates Freetown just as Freetown dominates the country. Whether looking down from the green, tree-covered heights behind Freetown on Gloucester Street or sitting on a veranda at Bishop's Court you see freighters, tankers, whalers, and ore boats steaming in and out of the harbor—2000 of them every year from all over the world.

Doubts Begin to Emerge

And then there is the weather—rain and rain and still more rain. It falls at night, in the afternoon, in the morning, and at the height of the rainy season all day long for a week—sometimes with such intensity it seems everything, tied down or not, will surely be washed away. And when it doesn't rain the sun shines hot; as the weeks pass the earth becomes parched and the once-swollen streams dry up and water rationing begins.

Close to Freetown is Lumley Beach—miles of firm brown sand free of Coke bottles and empty cigarette wrappers, with room enough to lie in the sun or swim in the surf without stumbling across or bumping into others.

But as the weeks pass by, doubts begin to emerge and little things begin to build up: nearly nightly battles with the sausage fly; the inability to quickly be one with the people; the time wasted waiting for a check to be cashed at the bank; the absentee ballot arriving the day after the election. You recall the image evoked by the title "Peace Corps Volunteer"—long, grueling hours spent teaching or building or demonstrating; hours filled with frustrations and delay; and at the end of the day trooping home to the mud hut without electricity or water or even a refrigerator, miles from anywhere, battling mosquitoes, driver ants, rare exotic diseases, fungi; the only contact with the outside world a small transistor radio hugged to the ear late at night.

But what do you find? Double-decker buses, black Mercedes, electricity, running water, frozen foods, television, a newsstand selling *The New York Times*. Often you live in accommodations that would be considered comfortable in most of America, if not luxurious compared with student apartments in Berkeley, Ann

Arbor, or Iowa City. Motorbikes ease transportation from home to school and market. On weekends there are pilgrimages to nearby beaches. And there is time, plenty of it, all the time in the world waiting to be used.

But as the months quickly fly by you begin to realize that you are doing a needed and useful job. The Peace Corps provides over one-fourth of all secondary-school teachers with college degrees. Rural-development teams dot the country building schools and jetties, roads and bridges. If it weren't for the Peace Corps some schools would suffer such severe staff shortages that they would be forced to close down.

Gradually, you become more aware of what you are doing and learning, and you begin to relax, feel at ease, quit holding back. The little things that before built up into psychological traumas now create an atmosphere of excitement and satisfaction. The students of Methodist Girls High School going home all looking chic in their attractive lavender-checked school uniforms and straw skimmers; the Sierra Leone Grammar School's band swinging into "Never on Sunday" at the end of chapel; the girls at Harford in Moyamba all dressed in white going off to church on Sundays; the small wooden fishing boats crisscrossing the harbor; the monkey dashing across the lonely road; the massive half-finished Catholic Church in Bo dwarfing everything in sight.

What once appeared to be trite and petty now reveals itself to be reward: the pleasure of teaching a good lesson; the thrill of conveying new ideas; the exhilaration of breathing life into the dry, empty words of textbooks; and the challenge to be met when you can't get the concepts across or are unable to find the words that can explain to others what you understand completely.

H. David Grunwald (Sacramento, Calif.) also serves as associate editor of The Kriopolitan. *He attended Sacramento City College and the State University of Iowa, where he earned a B.A. in history in 1962.*

A New Twist for Cotton

Cotton grows wild in Sierra Leone. It ripens in the dry season and is picked and spun into thread or yarn by the native women, who use a twirling bamboo or mahogany stick for the spinning process. This is a laborious method that requires a month of painstaking effort to produce a woven blanket called "country cloth."

George Arlin (Milwaukie, Ore.), a Peace Corps Volunteer in the rural-development project, admired the end product, but not the method of production. After some study, he devised a simple machine that now enables the women to accomplish in five days what formerly took one month. His machine was a hand drill (spinning apparatus) mounted on a table, with a foot treadle-and-belt combination drive. He taught several Mende women how to operate it and they demonstrated the machine at the Kenema Trade Fair. Copies of the machine are now much in demand.

Volunteer Dave Grunwald, who writes above about Freetown, bargains with trader over ivory tusk and horns.

A-frames

Volunteer Mike Bradbury oversees the installation of corrugated metal on roof of A-frame building. He is a graduate of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., and holds a B. A. degree in geography.

The first A-frame structure goes up near town of Kenema. Volunteers Howell, Tyler, and Bradbury (see story at right) worked on project as construction foremen and architect.

Volunteer Architect Truman E. Howell Jr. offers a high view to a young Sierra Leone friend as they wait out a downpour at the building site. Howell, from Raytown, Mo., worked as a draftsman and designer before coming to the Peace Corps in 1964.

From Shimbeks

By Truman E. Howell Jr.

When Group V Volunteers (generalists in construction) arrived in Sierra Leone in May, 1964, several of us became involved in trying to help solve a pressing problem: shortage of primary schools.

The need was to build schools, build them quickly, and at a low cost.

What was required was a school-building design that could be reproduced throughout Sierra Leone. After travelling over the country and studying the local buildings we struck on an idea based on the farmer's *shimbek*.

The *shimbek* is a temporary structure that is placed in the fields for the farmer and his family to live in while farming that plot of land. It is made of bush poles lashed together and erected in the shape of a pup tent, then covered with palm leaves to keep out the rain. With this as a start we designed an A-frame building (after a design often used in U.S. churches and vacation homes), confident that the design would not be a radical departure from what was already a common structure here. The model was 32-feet wide at the base by 40-feet long, with the apex about 25 feet above the ground. The sides, at a 60-degree angle, were covered with corrugated metal on 2-by-12 timber frames 8-feet on center and purlins (horizontal roof beams) at 4-feet on center.

Every eight feet along the sides was designed an opening of 4-by-6 feet to provide ventilation and light. Above each opening was a sheet of 2-by-6 feet corrugated fiberglass to give additional light. Ventilation was increased by a raised section of metal at the apex. We had two basic concerns about the design of the structure—both had to do with the large amount of metal that would be needed. First, would the large area of metal cause overheating inside the building? Secondly, would the metal amplify noise caused by the torrential rains of Sierra Leone? Both worries proved unwarranted, as we had designed these problems out of the building. The extra-large openings on the sides for ventilation solved our heat problem and the steep slope of the metal allowed the rains to hit at such an angle as to make the noise minimal.

Bradbury talks with villagers repairing local mosque.—Photos by Paul Conklin.

Great Future Was Predicted

To finish the building we would place local stone on the end walls up to a height of 10 feet; above the stone bush-boards (rough-sawn wood) would be placed on a board-and-batten fashion. The side openings were also to be given shutters made of the local bush-boards. These final touches would give a textural and color relief to the stiff and somewhat monotonous metal.

When the design was completed, it was shown to all the local men of note, from area-government officials to the paramount chief of the chiefdom in which the building would be constructed. All of these men showed great enthusiasm for the first A-frame in Sierra Leone. A great future was predicted for the building. Other structures were envisioned using this same design — schools, hospitals, dispensaries, and warehouses. An immediate start on construction was urged. The town of Naima, in the Eastern Province, was selected for the first building.

Two Volunteers Mike Bradbury (New Medford, Conn.) and Norman Tyler (Benton Harbor, Mich.) were given the job of supervising construction which began early in June, 1964. The voluntary labor force was large; about 200 people came to the site daily from the surrounding villages to help with the school. Within two weeks the people had put in the foundations and the footings for the entire building.

A shortage of materials delayed work periodically, and we failed to meet the self-imposed two-month deadline. Still, within 10 weeks the main structure was completed and stones were gathered for the walls at the ends of the building. Bill Atkins (Rockland, Mass.), a Volunteer bricklayer, moved in to give our helpers a few lessons in stone masonry. In two days he helped put up a good portion of one wall and then returned to his own project. Suddenly we noticed the labor force was getting smaller and smaller. It was necessary to have the chief remind the people that more workers were needed. Finally, after three months under construction, the stone walls were completed and the board-and-batten started above the stone. Without notice, one day we were without workers. Even the prodding of the chief became ineffective. All of us, including the chief and other local authorities, were completely baffled. A week passed, then another. Still no workers. Finally, the chief called for Mike, Norm, and me and explained the difficulty. To the people, the end walls of stone and wood were distasteful. Their complaint was that the walls were too rough, quite unlike the smooth surfaces of the mud on their homes. The board-and-batten also met a similar fate. The appearance to the people, instead of being a textural and color contrast, was one of untidiness. Though we talked and talked and proved and reproved the structural soundness and economic advantages of using these local materials, as well as explaining our aesthetic reasoning behind using the stone and wood, we could not change their ideas. Objections had not come from the "big men" of the area, but rather from the workers on the project. We were surprised and deflated.

The board-and-batten was removed to be replaced by metal and the stone walls were covered both inside and outside with cement, making a smooth wall. The building is now completed at a cost of about $1100 ($300 over the projected cost) and ready for occupancy.

In retrospect we find that we have learned a great deal both from a construction-technique standpoint and from dealing with different aesthetic

values. Specifically, we have found that it is imperative in a project such as a school to get the construction done rapidly so that interest can be maintained, to have materials on the site to make this goal possible, and to make sure that materials and the design of the building are suitable to the people involved.

Truman E. Howell Jr. serves as a Volunteer Leader for his rural-development project. He is from Raytown, Mo., and holds a bachelor-of-architecture degree from Kansas University, granted in 1963. He worked as a draftsman and designer before joining the Peace Corps.

In Gambia, They Never Heard Of the Peace Corps

For the unwary, it should be observed that Volunteer Lowther has written his year's review in a vein considerably lighter than many such accounts, and that readers should sprinkle this page liberally with salt before going on; as a further clarifying note, it can be added that Lowther's relationship with Representative McClure has been excellent—at least until now.—Ed.

By Kevin Lowther

When it was suggested that I write something for THE VOLUNTEER my first thought was that I might get an interesting angle on Peace Corps Volunteers in Sierra Leone by interviewing Merrick Lockwood's one-eyed chimp [see picture at right]. It had been rumored that Merrick had trained the chimp so well that he was sending it to school to teach for him. This, of course, raised some far-reaching questions which both the Representative and I, upon further consideration, decided would be better left unanswered.

As editor of *The Kriopolitan* (the local VOLUNTEER, but better), I've had a rare opportunity to observe the overall Peace Corps program in Sierra Leone in action. Friends in the States often have written to ask exactly what the Peace Corps does and I've always been tempted to tell them. I can't, of course, reveal the real story here, but a glimpse backward through 1964 should give the reader some idea of another side to the Peace Corps.

January: An Associate Representative drives Representative McClure and a Volunteer over a 15-foot embankment. McClure announces that in the future he will make all up-country trips by plane . . . McClure flies to Port Loko to investigate but is forced to turn back when he finds Port Loko has no airfield.

February: With Volunteers worried about the rapid deterioration of their Jeeps, McClure reassuringly outlines replacement policy: "Try to keep them running" . . . In a page-one lead, *The Kriopolitan* claims that the Peace Corps office in Freetown "looks like any other back alley warehouse" . . . A Volunteer, over-saturated with "the undying Peace Corps spirit," flees to Gambia where, he says, "they never heard of the Peace Corps."

March: McClure stops briefly in Freetown on his way to the States following a ten-day stay in Nigeria . . . Rumors have Deputy Representative Mike McCone seizing power . . . Skindiving Volunteer Walt Barrows (Wayne, N.J.) accidentally watches two squid mating off Lumley Beach, reports that "It all looked quite complicated, but it seemed like a lot of fun."

April: *The Kriopolitan*, commenting on *Sports Illustrated's* planned story on athletes in the Peace Corps, asks whether preoccupation with sports and the glorification of Peace Corps athletes will lead to a Peace Corps Olympics.

May: Peace Corps headquarters in Washington, in its infinite wisdom, sends word that Group V will arrive in Freetown via a Boeing 720 jet. McClure wires suggesting that the jet carry its own runway or that the Volunteers be equipped with parachutes. Group V eventually arrives from Guinea via Russian-made, Czech-piloted, piston-engine plane.

June: Jeep situation becomes critical. Merrick Lockwood, stranded in Matru, writes that his Jeep is *don don* (finished). McClure decides to sell dead Jeeps to a mechanic near the Liberian border; he reveals that the vehicles are to be "phased out" . . . In an effort to beautify the Freetown office, curtains are hung and a sign reading "Peace Corps Lounge" placed on a closet door.

July: Peace Corps office almost closes as McClure goes to States, Associate Representative George Dines transfers to Nigeria, and 100 teachers terminate or go on leave.

August: Preparing to depart for the Riviera, a terminating Volunteer proposes a slash in the monthly subsistence payment. "The living allowance is really too high," he declares. "The fact that two or three of my group saved some money which they now plan to spend in the sin cities of Europe is proof enough. I'm afraid that somewhere, sometime, some Volunteers might have some fun."

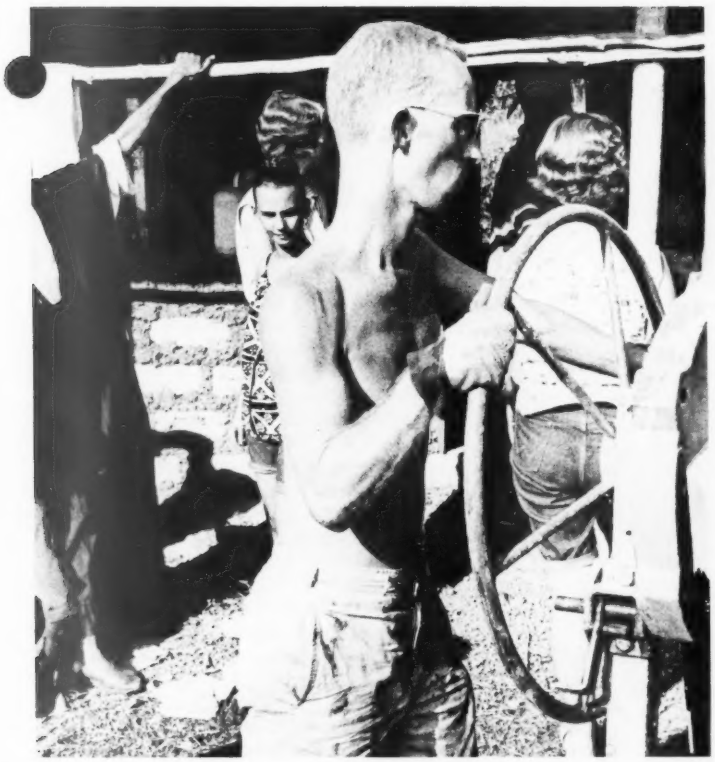
September: A Volunteer defies Peace Corps ban on travel to Europe by ending up in Paris instead of her original destination—Bamako, Mali. McClure, pressed by Washington for an explanation, attempts to cover. "If Paris looked like Bamako to her, I can't help that."

October: Angry Volunteers in Bo threaten action if Jeep C6171 is permitted back in Bo, where it has been assigned and immobile for a year. McClure attempts to pacify Volunteers with three new Jeeps, two of which break down in Freetown shortly after shipment.

November: Peace Corps Doctor James Brooks, in checking his records, reports that one Volunteer woman does not exist—medically.

December: The Peace Corps in Washington, having lost the files on McClure and all Volunteers in Sierra Leone, concludes that *they* don't exist. For their part, the Volunteers, having never actually seen Peace Corps headquarters, decide that *it* does not exist.

Kevin Lowther (Westport, Conn.) serves as a secondary-school teacher in Freetown. He graduated in 1963 from Dartmouth College, receiving a B.A. in history. Before joining the Peace Corps he worked as a reporter for the Keene, N.H., Sentinel.



Kevin Lowther, who writes at left of "another side" to the Peace Corps, runs cement mixer during a vacation project.

Merrick Lockwood (right) and Psyche.

Breakfasting with his friend Psyche (right) is Volunteer Merrick Lockwood (Milton, Mass.), a secondary-school teacher in Matru. Psyche is the oldest and most irascible member of the "Matru Zoo" (described in Nancy Tucker's story on page 18) and is Lockwood's constant companion. The chimp goes with Lockwood on such errands as laundry trips to the banks of the Jong River (picture above) and even accompanies him to school. Psyche, according to Lockwood, "is a 'Bland Volunteer' type—he eats no local foods and had 48 cases of Wheaties sent over with his sea freight." Lockwood, who eats groundnut stew and says he is not bland, defends Psyche in pointing out that "he never complains—even when he doesn't get his **New York Times** "News of the Week in Review." Lockwood, born in Ceylon, attended high school in India and went to Oberlin, earning a B. A. in biology; Psyche's past is unknown.

On Undefined Project, An Undefined Person

By Louis Rapoport

During my childhood, the thought occurred to me that I didn't know how to *do* anything. But somehow, my shoelaces always got tied, my bed got made, and I survived in this practical world.

Then I went to the university, where I took subjects like Scandinavian literature, history of historians, modern Slavic literature, and philosophy of literature.

When I joined the Peace Corps, I was classified as a "generalist." As a man who could do absolutely nothing of a practical nature, I was slightly amazed when I met my fellow trainees for the Peace Corps "R.C.A." Program in Sierra Leone (I honestly thought that I would be working with computers or television sets before I learned the initials meant "rural community action")—carpenters, masons, geologists, an architect—people you read about in books, unreal people, people who can (shudder) *do* things.

I tried to fake my way by dropping words like "hammer," "cement," and "wrench." But somehow, my clever plan failed, and I feared and trembled on Selection Eve. But I look like I'm a very sincere Friend of Man, and it's hard to get selected out of the Peace Corps if you're sincere.

In Sierra Leone, I was given a road project in Bombali district. I Kriolized [after Krio, the English-derived *lingua franca* of the country] my technical words—*amma, c'ment, 'spana*—dropped them expertly and waited for cheers and applause from my workers. Meanwhile, I read something called, "How to Build a Bridge," and I built one (I'm still laughing).

When a new Peace Corps program was proposed—chiefdom development instead of specific construction projects—I was asked to begin a pilot program for the Northern Province. The director of the CARE-Peace Corps rural-development program patted me on the back (after feeding me) and told me to go out and develop a chiefdom. It's easy to see why I was chosen for this mission: no one really knows what community development entails, and who is better qualified for an undefined project than an undefined person?

I packed my bags and moved to Masingbe, a town of about 2300 people and headquarters of Kunike Chiefdom. Immediately after my arrival, I went to the highest point in the town to survey my new home: the huts of mud, wattle, and burlap; the fragrance of lilac, frangipani, and purple-tassled flowers filling the heavy air—ah, sweet life. While I was gone my house was robbed.

In the weeks that followed I worked hard, dropping new words such as "co-operative," "social center," "adult education," "dispensary," and so on. I even pretended to know the Temne equivalents: *kaw opaneh, nseth na kawol, karan ka na baki, nseth nim atui . . .*

The number of projects I have going is ridiculous, and I would have to be a Renaissance Man to handle them all. But I have bluffed my way, and my ingenuous word-dropping scheme has convinced at least some people that I am possessed of virtue, that I am a true "generalist" (that is to say, generally good in everything). And just as my shoelaces got tied, my projects, somehow, will be completed.

Louis Rapoport (Beverly Hills, Calif.), attended the Los Angeles and Berkeley campuses of the University of California. He became a Volunteer in 1964.

"Boa!"

By Nancy Tucker

In contrast to the bustling liveliness of Freetown, life in Matru, a small town on the Jong River, is slow-paced and even sleepy, but for a Peace Corps Volunteer it is hardly dull. A Saturday shopping trip into the center of town, for example, provides changing and panoramic views of small-town West African life.

The first time I sallied forth to shop in Matru, I was armed with only two Mende (one of the major tribal languages in Sierra Leone) words of greeting: *"Boa!"* and its response, *"mmm, bise."* As I stepped off the athletic field that marks one side of the school compound, I met some men on their way to the ferry across the Jong River. *"Boa!,"* I said, somewhat timidly and feebly, half hoping that the men would not reply. *"Mmm, bise,"* the men cheerfully returned, and then broke into a stream of Mende. *"Mmm . . . mm"* I said weakly, glad that this response acceptably covers a multitude of Mende questions and comments. *"Boa!"* I said with increasing confidence as I turned onto a residential street lively with Saturday morning household activities. Startled that this strange new

Bill Derrenger (Mobridge, S. D.) is a rural-development worker assigned to Kailahun,

"Mmm, Bise"

white person should know their language, the adults were a little slow to respond. But the children looked up from their play and waved frantically or ran off their porches to surround me and touch my hand.

As I approached the plank bridge which crosses the stream that serves as the local water-hole and laundry spot, I stopped to survey the houses of Matru. There are still a few of the round native houses made of wattle and mud and thatched with tall elephant grass or palm branches, but most of the town's dwellings are rectangular with thatched or corrugated zinc roofs. All of the houses on the hill opposite me stood at different angles, accommodating themselves to the curves of the terrain they had been set on.

Though it was still before 7 a.m., it looked as if washday had already been going for some time. Women and their daughters, schoolboys, and small children of all shapes and sizes had come to the stream to pound their clothes on the rocks or to beat them mercilessly with sturdy wooden paddles. Many of these industrious launderers were also bathing themselves; their black bodies gleamed and the little beads of water caught in their hair winked at me in the brightening sunlight. School had been in session for four days, and I wondered whether I might see some of my students at the river. However, since I had 215 different students, I figured that I would hardly recognize one in a sea of unknown faces. *"Boa!,"* I said to the assembled company in general. Over the chorused response, *"Mmm, bise,"* came one clear and recognizable call, *"Bonjour, Mademoiselle Tucker."* One of my students, at least, had already learned something from me.

Highlife at the Pastor's

I climbed the rutted and rocky slope beyond the stream in the company of little girls sent to the river to fetch water; their brimming basins wavered uncertainly to and fro with each of their steps which occasionally sloshed some of the clear water onto their straight little bodies, while the dipper on the surface of the water bobbed gaily around. On the porch of one of the more substantial houses sat an elderly Muslim man in his flowing gown of electric-blue poplin. He was surrounded by tiny boys and girls who were dutifully chanting parts of the Koran in high-pitched and monotonous voices, not one of them keeping time with the others, each one hardly looking at the wooden plaque with its faint Arabic letters that was to guide his chanting and instruct his mind in the truth.

A little farther on, I passed a Protestant pastor's house. At least two radios were blaring from inside the parsonage, one with gospel hymns and another with Highlife music.

As the sounds of the parsonage faded behind me, the noise from the market grew. I went straight to the screened-in corner of the raised platform at one end of the market and joined the noisy crowd jostling there for a place at the butcher's window. Above the bobbing heads I could see that a full side of beef, half of two legs, a head, a tail, and a basketful of pieces of cowhide were still for sale from the beast that had been slaughtered earlier that morning. The butcher, a tall, strong man of the Fullah, a cattle-keeping tribe of northern Sierra Leone, presided forcefully over his sales, hacking out fair, though hardly generous, portions of meat. Not being able to argue in Mende with my fellow shoppers, I contented myself with inching my toe forward and gaining a foothold nearer the window. After 20 minutes of persistence, I got the butcher's attention and placed my order for six pounds of steak (at 38 cents a pound). Then, with the meat stowed in my green handbag, I turned to the counters that held displays of vegetables. Sometime during each transaction, I paused a few moments to exchange greetings with the woman who was selling to me. Inevitably, she would carry the

hun,

near the Guinea frontier.

Policeman directs traffic in commercial zone of Freetown; Lebanese quarter is in background.

Volunteer Nancy Tucker shops in market at Matru (see story below).

Sierra Leone wo

conversation past what I could understand, and we would laugh together, a deep, full laugh of friendship and simple delight. I was beginning to see how village life in Sierra Leone is both simple and rich.

For things that I could not buy at the market, I went to Jalloh's and Brainard's, general stores run by prospering African businessmen who stock everything from worm powders and refrigerated 7-Up to drip-dry shirts and pineapple jam. In contrast to these stores, I discovered that the Matru post office was not so completely stocked.

"You get some airforms?" I asked the postmaster, knowing that when a fellow Volunteer had asked earlier in the week he had been told that airforms would be stocked shortly.

"No, next week."

"Oh, you get some 25-cent stamps?"

"No, next week."

"Oh. You get some 10-cent or some 7-cent stamps?"

"No, next week."

"You get some 5-cent stamps?"

"No."

"Some 3-cent, some 2-cent, some 1-cent?"

"No, madam, I no get *anything.*"

"Oh, . . . oh, I see . . . Well we go see, next week," I said resignedly as I walked out. Well, I had been warned that Matru is somewhat remote.

Though I had not bought any stamps, my shopping trip had been reasonably successful; but my bookbag was certainly not bulging.

At the moment I was content to return to the school compound and to its Saturday activities. Perhaps "Penny Kerosene," a blind man who comes around to beg each week, would already be at the house; I felt in my pocket to make sure that I still had some small change left to give him. Perhaps some students would be waiting to ask for tutoring help, to beg a book for extra reading, or simply, as is their charming custom, to "greet" a teacher.

I knew that I was not returning just to a quiet round of household activities; I was also going back to the turmoil of the local zoo. The Matru Zoo is maintained by three Volunteers; we are famous (and sometimes notorious) throughout the school and the town for our collection of animals. Actually we have only one chimpanzee, three monkeys, a baby mongoose, and a household pussycat. Before they died, we also had a baby duiker (a small antelope) and another cat. But with a chimp to take on walks or canoe rides, or a mongoose constantly underfoot, or two monkeys lying on the ground and preening one another or stirring up a playful fight, domestic life in this Peace Corps household is always at least as varied and interesting as life in the town.

Nancy Tucker (Montclair, N.J.) graduated in 1964 from Mount Holyoke College with a B.A. in religion and English. She lived for 10 years in Angola, West Africa, while her parents were serving with a religious mission.

That Girl in th

By Gwynne Douglass

No, I didn't build any bridges. I don't know anything about culverts or soil conditions. I didn't organize any clubs and I haven't started any libraries. I never did much of that sort of thing before I came here, and I probably won't start now. I just go to school every day and try to do my job.

I have 100 students that I try to teach every day, and for me, that's a full-time occupation. And I rack my brains. What's the *matter* with the kid in the fourth row? She doesn't say anything and she won't *do* anything. There ought to be some way, somehow, and I look at her speculatively as she bends her dark braided head over her wooden desk, her blue uniform making her look like any other kid in the room.

But she isn't any other kid in the room. And she writes platitudes. And clichés. How do I get through to her? Or that one over there. That tall one looking out the window. The smart one. I'm always leading with my chin when it comes to her. Tramping over to her vindictively, "Finished?" I say, knowing full well she can't be. No one *else* is. She pushes the neat paper toward me, looking out the window,

women harvest rice from a flooded field.

Travelling to market in the rain, a woman balances a pan filled with rice stalks.

...the Fourth Row

Still pointedly bored. I glance down. Perfect. From start to finish. As correct as the nice clean check mark it will eventually get at 2 a.m. when I finally get through the stack to hers, knowing it won't be much trouble because it's nearly always right. How can I catch her and not lose the one in the fourth row?

I walk to the back of the room; my shoes are noisy on the concrete floor. Now all I can see are bent blue backs and moving elbows. Exams. How I always hated them. And I understand the tension in the room and the remembering three parts to the problem but not the frustrating fourth . . . and even seeing the page number and remembering what the teacher was wearing when she explained that elusive fourth . . . but for the life of me. . . . yes, I remember. I glance at the board and gasp. My handwriting looks so *different* from back here. How in heaven's name do they ever read it?

I visited some other Volunteers the other day. She's organized a dramatics club and he's dug a well, is contemplating the village water system, has started a garden, is building a school building out of mud bricks. It's great. But I just haven't done any of those things.

But I do know that yesterday that girl in the fourth row—the stoic one—smiled for the first time and timidly handed me a perfectly expressed idea, and idea all her own that she didn't get from anyone else. Oh, it lacked a few commas and capital letters. But I didn't care just then.

Gwynne Douglass (Colorado Springs, Colo.) studied speech and English at Colorado State College, earning a bachelor's degree in 1963. She is working as an English teacher in a girl's secondary school in Freetown.

Near Kenema, villagers pause by mud wall erected by itinerant magicians.

Career Opportunities

Each month the Peace Corps Career Information Service sends to Volunteers a bulletin listing post-service career opportunities. Volunteers who are in their second year of service may register with C.I.S. for individual assistance; registration cards are available from Peace Corps Representatives. Inquiries should be addressed to C.I.S. in care of the Division of Volunteer Support, Peace Corps, Washington, D. C. 20525. Reprinted below is a selection from the current C.I.S. bulletin, which should be consulted for complete listings and other information.

Teaching

Overseas Educational Service is recruiting for more than 100 positions in African universities plus a few in Asia and Latin America. The major demand is in science and engineering, but a few openings exist in all fields taught in African universities where English is the language of instruction. The contract is two or three years. Positions are available at all teaching levels and qualifications vary accordingly. A doctorate is normally required, although a master's degree is acceptable in a few cases. For further information write to Donald J. Eberly, Overseas Educational Service, 522 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10036.

Southern Teaching Program, Inc. places graduate students in southern Negro colleges as summer replacements for regular faculty or as extra staff for special summer programs. The organization also acts as a clearing house for full-time appointments. Volunteers who have had at least one year of graduate study and who teach reading or mathematics are especially invited to apply for this summer. Graduate students in all fields may apply for full-year positions. Apply to Fred Schulz, Executive Director, Southern Teaching Program, Inc., P.O. Box 401-A, Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

Instituto Electronico de Ingles, English Lab in Caracas, is interested in recruiting former Volunteers for teaching positions. The institute has just opened a new branch and hopes to expand the present enrollment of 500 to 1000 within the next few months. Interested Volunteers should write Mrs. Bruno Cruicchi, Director, Instituto Electronico de Ingles, Edif. Titania, Entr. C, 5 Piso, Pza. la Estrella, San Bernardino, Caracas, Venezuela.

Teacher Education in East Africa (TEEA) will provide 30 tutors for primary and secondary teacher-training colleges in Kenya, Tanzania, and Uganda. The tutors assist in the expansion and strengthening of teacher education to which East Africa has assigned high priority. Recruitment, selection, and training will be administered by Teachers College, Columbia University; the project is financed by the Agency for International Development. Qualifications for a TEEA tutor include a master's degree and minimum of five years teaching experience. Background in teaching education-courses or supervising student teachers is desirable. Teachers selected for the TEEA program will receive six weeks or more training at Teachers College beginning in July. Assignments will begin in East Africa in the fall. A tutor must agree to accept employment for two years, following training in any of the three countries. He then becomes a salaried education officer of the government which employs him. Brochures and application forms may be secured by writing Teacher Education in East Africa, Teachers College, Columbia University, New York, N.Y. 10027.

Puerto Rico Peace Corps Training Center—Former Volunteers interested in language as a professional career and who have an undergraduate major in Spanish, S-4 fluency, and some language-teaching experience beyond the Peace Corps may be considered for language-staff positions in Puerto Rico. Additional requirements include successful completion of a Peace Corps assignment in Latin America, and a master's degree or some graduate academic credit. Direct applications, including a Form 57, to Richard Hopkins, Division of Training, Peace Corps, Washington, D.C. 20525.

Syracuse Public Schools encourages returning Volunteers to apply for teaching positions. Uncertified teachers will be handled on an individual basis, in accordance with State Education Department regulations. Salary credit will be given for teaching overseas. The Syracuse schools are also co-operating with Syracuse University in the Urban Teacher Preparation Program, an intensive training experience designed to prepare teachers for service in inner-city schools. Returning Volunteers may work in the public schools and earn permanent certification at the same time, through this program. Additional information is available through Career Information Service or can be obtained from Ernest J. Milner, Director Urban Teacher Preparation Program, 305 Constock Ave., Syracuse, N.Y. For teaching positions write Hanford A. Salmon, Assistant Superintendent for Personnel, City School District, 409 W. Genessee St., Syracuse, N.Y.

John Burroughs School in St. Louis, Mo., a co-educational, independent secondary-school, needs young or experienced teachers of English, history, science, mathematics, language, and Spanish. The school also has an opening for a business manager. Write to William G. Craig, Headmaster, John Burroughs School, 755 So. Price Rd., St. Louis, Mo. 63124.

The African-American Institute wants Volunteers who are interested in teaching in Africa. The institute operates schools for African refugees in Dar-Es-Salaam, Tanzania, and Lusaka, Zambia. These positions require individuals with considerable experience in teaching. Send résumé to Mrs. Kerr, Special Personnel Assistant, African-American Institute, 345 E. 46th St., New York, N.Y.

The Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands plans to hire many elementary teachers, a few secondary (grades 9-12) teachers, and a limited number of administrators and education specialists for the 1965-66 school year. Teachers must have a bachelor's degree and 18 semester hours in education. Interested Volunteers should apply to Personnel Officer, Attention: Alan D. Hyslop, Office of the High Commissioner, Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands, Saipan, Marianas Islands 96950.

Education

George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tenn., offers fellowships to qualified Volunteers for graduate study in psychology and special education. The fellowship programs involve work in clinical, counseling and school psychology, the psychology of mental retardation, and in the special education of the mentally retarded, emotionally disturbed, visually handicapped, speech and hearing handicapped, deaf, crippled, and neurologically impaired child. The fellowships provide for full tuition in addition to stipends ranging from $1800 to $3000 per calendar year for fulltime study. The programs, for students without previous graduate work, require three or four years to complete the doctorate, depending on whether an internship year is required. Volunteers interested in psychology should write to Frank C. Noble, Executive Officer, Department of Psychology; those interested in special education should write Sam Ashcroft, Department of Special Education.

Temple University and the **Philadelphia Public Schools** have jointly organized a junior-high school mathematics-internship project. The summer program prepares college graduates, who should have a minimum of six credits in mathematics, to teach modern mathematics in culturally deprived areas. Preparation is for 10 to 11 weeks, beginning June 2. During this period interns take six units of math and six units of education. Teaching begins in September. The program enables teachers to become certified and earn a master's degree while working; they will receive up to $600 towards tuition costs and earning from $5200 to $5600 per year for three years. Volunteers should write Morton Alpern, College of Education, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa. 19122.

Claremont Graduate School will reserve a number of teacher internships for returning Volunteers. The school has an elementary and secondary program. The secondary-intern program begins June 21. Elementary interns may enter the program in April or September. In the elementary program, the intern's salary does not begin until he is actually in the classroom. For a September entry, this would be in February and for an April or June entry, in September. Direct inquiries to Henry H. Crane Jr., Co-ordinator Internship Programs, Claremont Graduate School, Claremont, Calif.

Yeshiva University Graduate School of Education has four Peace Corps fellowships for doctoral study. Volunteers are invited to apply for study in the Department of Educational Psychology and Guidance (majors: educational psychology, school psychology, guidance) as well as the Departments of Special Education, Psychology, or Curriculum and Instruction. The Department of Educational Psychology and Guidance was omitted from an earlier announcement. Write to Dean of Admissions, Graduate School of Education, Yeshiva University, 110 W. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019.

Government

Farmers Home Administration of the U.S. Department of Agriculture is interested in receiving applications for positions as farm-management supervisors and accountants, and for its administrative staff. Openings are available in the national office and in state and county offices throughout the country. Volunteers may write to James Somerville, Director, Personnel Division, Farmers Home Administration, Room 6322, U.S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C. 20250.

Tongue Point Job Corps Camp, near Astoria, Ore., is interested in recruiting returning Volunteers for two types of positions: dormitory counselor-teachers ($198 per month plus room and board) and teachers of physical edu-

New Cleveland Program

The public school system of Cleveland, Ohio, has developed a program to use 50 returned Peace Corps Volunteer teachers to aid elementary education in the city's culturally deprived areas.

Beginning in the 1965-66 school year, Volunteers will teach in a dozen Cleveland elementary schools while qualifying for permanent teaching certification. Experienced teachers will be assigned to small groups of ex-Volunteer teachers to co-ordinate activities and advise.

A two-week orientation program begins Aug. 16. Teacher certification for the 1965-66 school year will be granted by the Cleveland Board of Education, but future certification will require additional college study. Plans are being made to provide regular certification and a master's degree by June, 1967, at a nearby university.

Qualifications for acceptance into the program are a bachelor's degree and Peace Corps teaching experience. Salary for the first year will be $4900. The regular Cleveland salary scale of $5600 per annum for teachers with a bachelor's degree will be used during the following year.

Application forms were attached to the Career Information Service Bulletin for January. Additional forms may be obtained by writing to C.I.S., Peace Corps, Washington, D.C. 20525. Completed forms should be sent to Darian H. Smith, Assistant Superintendent—Personnel, Room 316, 1380 E. Sixth St., Cleveland 14, Ohio.

cation, math, reading, or contemporary problems. Teaching appointments will be based on the University of Oregon salary scale. The camp plans to add 20 teachers a month for the next five months. The Tongue Point Camp will also feature training in auto mechanics. Volunteers who apply should clearly indicate that they are returning Peace Corps Volunteers. Write to Hugh Wood, Educational Director, Tongue Point Job Corps Camp, Tongue Point, Ore.

Chicago Committee on Urban Opportunity, Chicago's co-ordinating committee for anti-poverty programs, has expressed interest in applications for staff positions from returned Volunteers. Volunteers should send resumé to Chicago Committee on Urban Opportunity, Suite 522, 1 North Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60606.

Missouri Commission on Human Rights is recruiting for two field representatives to assist in administering the state fair employment practices act. The commission works with federal agencies, investigating complaints of discrimination in employment and other areas, and attempts to remove by conciliation any discrimination discovered. Representatives will conduct educational activities with employers and labor unions, and work with interested community organizations. Additional openings are anticipated for April and summer. Volunteers should write Peter C. Robertson, Executive Director, Missouri Commission on Human Rights, Room 234, State Capitol Building, Jefferson City, Mo.

Other

Casa de los Amigos (Friends House) in Mexico City is seeking a mature married couple without children to serve as host and hostess. The couple should be available in April or May to begin a minimum two-year appointment. Full maintenance plus a small salary is offered. For details, write to Edwin Duckles, Ignacio Mariscal 132, Mexico 1, D.F.

Children's Village, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y., is a residential center for emotionally disturbed boys (8-14 years) specializing in treatment, research, and training of staff. Opportunities exist for full-time employment and in-service training programs. Scholarships are available for graduate study in the metropolitan New York area. Volunteers interested in child welfare, social work, education and recreation, as well as other professions, are invited to apply to Joseph F. Phelan Jr., Executive Director, Children's Village, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.

Pike County Health Department, Kentucky, is looking for nurses to work in the area and for a qualified psychologist to work with the Pike County Mental Group. For further information Volunteers may write Dr. Edward I. Rustin, Health Officer, Pike County Health Department, P.O. Box 69, Pikeville, Ky.

Coro Foundation is accepting applications for its Internship Program in Public Affairs conducted in San Francisco and Los Angeles, and beginning in September. The program consists of nine months of practical post-graduate training in government, politics, business, labor, trade and professional associations, and service organizations. Interns spend four days per week observing in the field and one day in seminars directed by a professional staff. Coro's Internship program is designed to provide broad and challenging practical experience for young men and women who demonstrate potential for effective, positive impact on public affairs within their chosen careers. No specific academic major is required. Interns receive a fellowship of from $2250 to $2700. Primary selection board meetings are generally held during April and May in Los Angeles, San Francisco, and New York City. Other locations and times may be arranged. These meetings consist of individual interviews and group exercises. Appointments are usually completed by mid-May. Apply to Robert Walters, Staff Associate, The Coro Foundation, 821 Market St., San Francisco 94103.

The Courier-Journal and Louisville Times would be glad to receive applications from returning Volunteers who have had journalism experience and are interested in positions as reporters or copy editors. Applications should be sent to Personnel Director, Courier-Journal & Times, 525 W. Broadway, Louisville, Ky. 40202.

ACTION-Housing, Inc., Pittsburgh's private housing and renewal organization, is presently seeking candidates who have had a minimum of two years' Peace Corps community development experience. Partially financed by a Ford Foundation grant, ACTION-Housing is engaged in a five-year Neighborhood Urban Extension Demonstration to help people help themselves in revitalizing their own neighborhoods. Salary is from $8,000 to $12,000. Qualified Volunteers may write James Cunningham, Associate Director, ACTION-Housing, 1 Gateway Center, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

ACCION, Community Action in Latin America, a private, non-profit organization financed by Venezuelan and North American businesses and foundations, has a group departing in June. Positions with ACCION require an 18-month contract; however, former Volunteers may request short-term contracts leading to administrative and supervisory positions. ACCION workers must be able to solve practical problems and show a capacity for leadership and imagination. Ability to speak Spanish is **not** essential; technical skills are helpful. ACCION's ultimate goal is to train Venezuelans to take over the work of building democratic civic institutions through self-help programs. Volunteers may write Gary Glenn, Director, ACCION, Box 27, Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

The American Institute for Free Labor Development has created a community-development department initially concerned with the Latin American area, aimed at strengthening free democratic labor movements, working closely with trade unions in setting up a program of community development and community services. Pilot programs are housing projects and co-operatives in Colombia, Mexico, Honduras, Peru, and Brazil. The staff will be taken from the country, but the institute is looking for Spanish speaking individuals to become project managers. Managers will select and train their staff, including their eventual successors. Interested Volunteers should send a résumé to Community Development Department, American Institute for Free Labor Development, 1925 K St., N.W., Suite 406, Washington 6, D.C.

World Neighbors is a nonsectarian agency conducting self-help community-development programs in 18 countries of Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Positions as resident representative are open in Africa, India, and the Philippines to men experienced in rural community-development efforts with emphasis on food production, small industries, public health, and related disciplines of community development. Representatives are responsible for initiating new projects as well as for supervision of those already underway. Further information may be obtained by writing to World Neighbors, 51116 North Portland Ave., Oklahoma City, Okla. 73112.

Maryland Training School for Boys needs single men and married couples aged 25 years or older to assist in the care and training of teenage delinquent boys. Starting salary for couples is from $7680 to $8180, depending upon qualifications. For more information write to Maryland Training School for Boys, 2400 Cub Hill Road, Baltimore, Md. 21234.

Popular singer Dinah Shore saluted the Peace Corps in a February television show that featured songs and dances from around the world. Jim Sheahan (left), Peace Corps information officer who was a Volunteer in Sierra Leone, greets folksinger Harry Belafonte and Miss Shore as Peace Corps Director Sargent Shriver looks on.

Attn. Procter & Gamble

By Sandra Miller

Although British Honduras has many positive attributes, the condition of its roads is not one of them. It is an extremely underpopulated country (96,000 people in 8867 square miles, a population density of about 11 per square mile; U.S. density is 50 per square mile); the distances are great from one town to another. As the crow flies it is only 50 miles from Belize City, the capital, to Independence Town, where we live, but by road it is three times that far.

The trip itself may last anywhere from three to twenty hours depending on the weather and its effect on the road. This road is mainly mud, sand, and holes. These conditions tend to separate cars and trucks from their suspension systems at the most inconvenient times.

While returning home from Belize one evening with the headmaster of my school, my husband noticed a strange sound in one of the front wheels. When we stopped to check the situation, we discovered that the wheel bearing had lost its grease. Finding ourselves without tools except for a tire iron, a screwdriver, and our Peace Corps flexibility, we began pondering our dilemma.

The fact that it was nearing midnight, it was beginning to rain, that the mosquitoes were about to carry us off, and that we were 20 miles from nowhere, all greatly speeded our thinking processes. There was certainly nothing the surrounding flora could offer us, so we began rumaging through our duffle bags.

It didn't take us long to note the consistency of a large tube of Prell Concentrate Shampoo. But would it serve as bearing grease? Under the circumstances we had to try it or risk spending the night in the bush; chances of another car coming along were nil. The bearing was soon nestled in a sea of green. As we started on our way we expected to see bubbles floating past the window, but much to our surprise it worked. Within an hour and a half we were home, with the cleanest bearing in town.

Volunteers Sandra and David Miller are from Appleton, Wis.

'Only Those Who Dare to Fail'

". . . I intend to continue to search for new ways to give all of you a chance to serve your country and your civilization. And I hope to move toward the day when every young American will have the opportunity—and feel the obligation—to give at least a few years of his or her life to the service of others in this nation and the world.

"And you will bring to this work, not only skills and energy, but the most important ingredient of all: the idealism and the vision of the young. Of course, specific problems demand specific answers. Programs must take into account the realities of power and circumstance. But all the practicality in the world is useless unless it is informed by conviction, by high purposes, and by standards which are never sacrificed to immediate gains. Unless this is done we will be submerged in the day-to-day problems and, having solved them, find that we have really solved nothing.

"For only those who dare to fail greatly, can ever achieve much.

"So, guided by the great ideals of this country, willing to work and dare to fulfill your dreams, there is really no limit to the expectations of your tomorrow.

"If you wish a sheltered and uneventful life, then you are living in the wrong generation. No one can promise you calm, or ease, or undisturbed comfort. But we can promise you this. We can promise enormous challenge and arduous struggle, hard labor, and great danger. And with them we can promise you finally, triumph over all the enemies of mankind."

—President Lyndon B. Johnson at the University of Kentucky, Feb. 22, 1965.

A Ship for Volunteers

Volunteers completing service who plan to return to the U.S. via Europe this summer are eligible to cross the Atlantic on a student ship chartered by the Council of Student Travel, a nonprofit agency specializing in educational travel.

A modern Italian liner, the Aurelia, will carry about 1000 American and foreign students each trip between Le Havre, Southampton, and New York. Scheduled sailings will depart European points on May 30, June 20, July 19, Aug. 9, and Aug. 30. Minimum May-July fares for one-class accommodations are $145.50 from Le Havre and $140 from Southampton. August fares will be about $50 higher.

For further information and reservation, Volunteers may write to the Council on Student Travel, 49, rue Pierre Charron, Paris 8e, France.

A NOTE TO RELATIVES

Volunteer subscribers in the U.S. who are relatives of Volunteers serving abroad are requested to give the complete name of the related Volunteer, relationship, and country of assignment when submitting a change in subscription address. This information is necessary in order to make address changes on Peace Corps domestic mailing lists. ZIP codes **must** be included on all requests for change of subscription address. Allow several weeks for change to become effective.

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